

Up in Arms

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Up in Arms

by [heartonmyshell](#)

Summary

With the lair to yourselves, Raph decides you've been on your feet for long enough. He'll hold you up. He'll fill you up. And you'll take *everything* he gives you—and then some.

Notes

This story is based on [this request](#).

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The lair is quiet tonight.

But you know it won't be for long. Because you and Raph haven't seen each other in weeks. Tonight, his family is out helping April with something or other. You're not sure with what though, because you were too busy trying not to squirm in front of everyone earlier while Raph pointedly eye-fucked you from across the room.

The moment the two of you were alone, your hands were all over each other. The clothes disappeared soon after. Hell, you barely engaged in foreplay, and already you're drenched and he's hard as a statue. He's a creature of impulse, of barely contained force, and right now, all of it is focused on you.

You're in Raph's room, the dim glow of a single lamp casting shadows across his broad, muscular frame. He's standing in the center of the space, all power and heat, his green eyes locked on you with that intense, smoldering look that makes your knees weak.

You're already breathless, your heart racing—because you know what's coming. You've been together long enough that he reads you like an open book, and tonight, he's got that glint in his eye.

"C'mere, short stuff," Raph rumbles, his voice low and rough, sending a shiver down your spine.

You step closer. And before you can say a word, his massive hands are on your waist, lifting you effortlessly off the ground. Your legs instinctively wrap around his hips, your arms looping around his thick neck as he holds you up with ease, his strength making you feel small and delicate in his grip. It's intoxicating, the way he carries you like you weigh nothing, his biceps flexing under your touch.

"You like this, don't ya?" he growls, his lips brushing against your ear, his breath hot against your skin. "Me holdin' you up, all tiny in my arms. Bet it drives you wild, knowin' I could do whatever I want with you like this." His words are a low, teasing purr, and you can't help the soft whimper that escapes you, your body pressing closer to his.

He's right, and he knows it—your size kink is no secret, and Raph's leaning into it hard tonight, his voice dripping with that cocky confidence that makes your pulse race.

You're chest-to-chest now, your bodies pressed so close you can feel the hard planes of his plastron against your softer curves. His hands grip your thighs, holding you securely as he shifts his stance, keeping you balanced without a wall to lean against.

"Look at you," he murmurs, his eyes raking over you, taking in the flush on your cheeks, the way your lips part as you try to catch your breath. "So damn small compared to me. Bet you love feelin' this helpless, huh? Just you and me, and I'm in complete control."

Your fingers dig into his shoulders, and you nod, too caught up in the heat of the moment to form words.

He chuckles, deep and throaty, and shifts you slightly, adjusting his grip so one hand slides up to cup your backside, pulling you even closer. “That’s my girl,” he says, his voice rough with desire. “You don’t gotta say it—I can feel how much you want this. Want me to take care of you, don’t ya? Want your big, strong Raph to make you feel good?”

The dirty talk is unraveling you, each word stoking the fire in your core. You tilt your head back, and he takes the invitation, his lips finding the sensitive skin of your neck, kissing and nipping as he holds you effortlessly. The sensation of being suspended in his arms, completely at his mercy, is overwhelming, and you can’t help but arch into him, craving more.

“Raph,” you gasp, your voice shaky, and he grins against your skin, clearly loving the effect he’s having on you.

“Oh, I got you, baby,” he says, his tone dark and promising. “Ain’t nowhere for you to go. Just gotta take what I give you.” His hands tighten on you, and he shifts again, positioning himself so you can feel the hard evidence of his own desire pressing against you. The contrast between your size and his is dizzying, and he plays it up. “Fuck, you’re so tiny like this, legs all wrapped around me. Makes me wanna keep you up here all night, show you just how much bigger I am, how I can make you lose it without even tryin’.”

You’re trembling now; the combination of his strength, his words, and the way he’s holding you is sending you spiraling. He doesn’t need a wall, needs nothing but his own power to keep you right where he wants you, and that thought alone pushes you closer to the edge. “Raph, *please*,” you manage, your voice barely above a whisper, and he growls low in his throat, clearly pleased with your desperation.

“Please what, sweetheart?” he teases, his lips brushing yours as he speaks, his eyes burning with intensity. “You want more? Want me to show you just how much I can do with you like this? Holdin’ you up, makin’ you feel every damn inch of me?”

“God, please—*fuck me*,” you whimper, tears pricking your eyes from the sheer overwhelming need to be possessed, to be taken by him.

A low, guttural laugh rumbles in his chest, vibrating through you where your bodies are pressed tight. “That’s what I’ve been waitin’ for,” he rasps, his voice a gravelly promise. “You finally admittin’ what you need. What only I can give you.” His thumb presses into the soft flesh of your ass, a possessive branding touch.

He stalks across the room towards his bed. At the mattress edge, he stops, but maintains his hold on you. He shifts his grip, one hand spanning the small of your back, the other sliding between your thighs, fingers brushing against your slick, needy folds. You gasp, your hips bucking against his hand on instinct.

“Easy now,” he murmurs, his eyes dark with intent. “Gotta make sure you’re ready for me.” He slides a thick finger inside you—then another, stretching you, preparing you. You cry out, your head thrown back as he works you with a practiced skill, his gaze never leaving your face, watching you come apart in his arms.

“Yeah, that’s it,” he pants, his own control fraying. “So wet for me. So fuckin’ tight.” He withdraws his fingers and you whimper at the loss.

But it’s only for a second.

He repositions you, his free hand guiding the blunt, heavy head of his spade-shaped cock to your entrance. “Look at me, sweetheart.” You force your eyes open, meeting his burning gaze. “I’m gonna own this pretty pussy.”

He begins to lower you onto his thick shaft. His head pushes past your folds, a torturously slow invasion that has you gasping his name like a prayer. You feel yourself stretching, yielding, your body parting to take him in. He lowers you inch by agonizing inch, his iron grip on your back the only thing keeping you from collapsing. Your pussy clenches around him, and a deep, appreciative groan rumbles from his chest.

“Fuck ... goddamn, sweetheart,” he breathes out, the words hot and ragged against your ear. “Felt that ... felt you clamp down on me. You were made for this, weren’t ya? Made for my cock to just fill you up.”

He’s not even fully inside you yet, but the sheer size of him is already short-circuiting your brain. Your legs tremble, tightening their lock around his solid waist as if your life depends on it.

“Look at this,” he rasps, his voice thick with lust. He shifts slightly, just enough so you can feel the impossible width of him pressing deeper. “Me, buried inside you, and you ain’t even touchin’ the ground. I’m the only thing holdin’ you up, the only thing you can feel.”

He thrusts upward then, a single, powerful surge that seats him to the hilt. A raw scream tears from your throat, your vision whiting out at the edges. He fills you completely, a feeling of stretching fullness that borders on pain but tips right over into dizzying pleasure. His hand on your ass squeezes hard, kneading the flesh as he pins you on his shaft.

“Yesss,” you moan, your head falling back, baring your throat. “Oh, fuck, yes! Deeper, please ... fill me all the way up!” Your voice is a ragged symphony of pleasure and need.

He moves, his hips starting a slow, grinding rhythm that makes your toes curl. “Mine,” he growls, the word a feral claim that vibrates through your entire being. “You feel that? That’s me, all the way inside you. Nothin’ but me in that tight little cunt.”

He doesn’t just thrust; he rocks you on his cock, rolling his hips to stimulate every nerve ending inside you. You’re nothing but a vessel for his pleasure, held in his arms, impaled on his strength. A low, keening moan escapes you, and his pace quickens, his thrusts becoming harder, deeper.

“Ahhh, fuck, Raph!” you cry out, your fingers digging crescents into the dense muscle of his shoulders.

“That’s it, baby, scream my name,” he pants, his own control fraying. “Let everyone know who’s fuckin’ you like this. Who’s makin’ you come apart in his arms.” His free hand snakes

up your spine and tangles in your hair, yanking your head back so your eyes are forced to meet his. His gaze is pure fire, undiluted and possessive.

“Tell me who owns you,” he demands, his voice a raw-edged command that slices through the haze of pleasure clouding your mind. He slams into you again, a punishing, perfect rhythm that steals your breath and makes your vision swim. Every thrust is a brand, marking you as his. “Say it.”

“You,” you sob, the word ripped from your lungs. “You do, Raph ... oh, god, you own me.” The confession is like breaking a dam; a fresh wave of heat floods your core, pushing you closer to the precipice. His grip in your hair tightens, not cruelly, but with an unshakeable possessiveness, anchoring you to the moment, forcing you to feel every bit of his claim.

“Fuck yes, I do,” he grunts, his own breathing ragged, his massive chest heaving with the effort of holding you. “Every inch of you. This sweet, tight pussy ... it’s mine. I’m the only one who gets to fill it up like this, make you scream like this.” He punctuates the sentence with thrusts that make you see stars, hitting that perfect spot inside you.

Your orgasm crashes over you without warning, a violent, soul-shattering tidal wave. It’s not a gentle peak but a cataclysm, ripping a raw, high-pitched scream from your throat. Your inner muscles clench, spasming uncontrollably, milking his thick shaft. Tears stream from the corners of your eyes, your body convulsing in his arms. You’re completely gone, lost in a white-hot oblivion.

A feral growl tears from his throat as he feels your climax. “That’s it, baby! Come for me! FUCK!”

Your release shatters the last of his restraint, his hips thrusting up into you with a frantic speed. He’s no longer teasing or controlling, just pounding into you, driving himself deeper with every desperate, piston-like thrust. He’s chasing his own release now, fucking you like his life depends on it.

“Gonna ... come,” he chokes out, his body rigid with tension.

He throws his head back, cords of muscle standing out on his neck. With one final, impossibly deep surge that feels like it’s splitting you in two, he empties himself inside you. Hot, copious seed floods your womb. His whole body shudders, a massive earthquake of release, and he groans your name, a low, rumbling sound of satisfaction.

For a long moment, he stays there. You can feel the thrum of his pulse where his cock is still buried deep inside you, the last of his orgasm pulsing within your still-quivering walls. He shifts his weight, finally moving, and carefully withdraws before lowering your boneless body onto the cool sheets of his bed.

“How was that?” he asks, breathless, after a minute.

Your brain is a field of static, your limbs heavy and unresponsive. You try to answer, to form a coherent thought, but all that comes out is a shaky, half-sob, half-laugh of a breath.

A low, self-satisfied chuckle rumbles from his chest. The mattress groans under his weight as he lays down beside you. An arm snakes around your waist, pulling you from the center of the bed until you're flush against his side.

"Figured," he murmurs, his lips brushing against your temple. He doesn't need an answer; he felt your body break apart around him, heard the worship in your voice when you screamed his name.

You manage to turn your head, nuzzling into the curve of his shoulder. His skin is slick with a thin sheen of sweat. A dull, pleasant throb pulses deep inside you, a sticky warmth leaking slowly between your thighs. Your legs are shaky, your body feeling thoroughly used.

"Completely wrecked ya, didn't I?" he says, his voice a low, gravelly purr against your hair. It's not a question. It's a statement of fact, laced with a pride that makes your stomach flutter all over again. "Just how I like you. All blown out and boneless for me."

He traces idle patterns on your hip, a casual, possessive touch that sends little sparks across your hypersensitive skin. You let out a soft sigh, your body melting further into his, a puddle of contentment. "Perfect," you whisper, the single word a monumental effort, but it's the only one that fits.

He grunts in agreement and shifts again, pulling you even closer. His hand travels down from your hip to cup your ass again before squeezing, reminding you of the power in that grip.

"Good," he breathes, inhaling your scent. "'Cause we're doin' this again before my brothers get back."

End Notes

Kudos and comments welcomed 😊

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